

My last desire

By Jitendra Arolia

In the last movement of death

I want to see you

It's my soul desire

Its might be said not to incomplete

Before breaking the strings of life

I want to remember past moments

I want to remember everything

Take care of my feeling.

I am scared to talk to the mirror

May somebody complain to us?

To remember those think I feared

To take care of complaints

Now I have no desire to live long

But every breath I think you'll care

When shall I go after death?

Beyond this there is no horizon of my life.

Bio:

BCC-ISSN-2278-8794

Episteme: an online interdisciplinary, multidisciplinary & multi-cultural journal

Bharat College of Commerce, Badlapur, MMR, India

Volume 2, Issue 3

December 2013

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Editor-In-Chief

Research Scholar- An International Refereed e-Journal of Literary
Explorations (ISSN - 2320-6101) (Online Journal)

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